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PUCK BUILDING, New York, April 6th, 1910.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

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THE PUCK PRESS

THE BRIDGE CRUSH.

EXPERT ADVICE ON HOW TO HANDLE IT.



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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

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Cartoons and Comments

SHOW GOODS, NOT LABELS.

QUITE a few public characters are encouraging the idea that a knock for Cannonism is a boost for the Democratic Party. We would n't counteract so happy a suggestion with growls of grouchy pessimism, but we do permit ourselves to say that a knock for Cannonism, while undoubtedly a boost for democracy, is not necessarily a boost for the Democratic Party. At any rate it should n't be, for there is quite as much Cannonism in certain wings of the Democratic Party as ever there was in the reactionary end of the G. O. P. Eternal vigilance is the price of progress as well as of liberty, and as citizens we deserve all we get if, endeavoring to stamp out Cannonism with a Republican label, we vote into power Cannonism with a Democratic label. Some of Cannon's chief yeomen in the House were Democrats. Some of Cannonism's chief henchmen in the nation call themselves Democrats. "By their fruits ye shall know them;" not by their labels. It is a good time to go through Democratic reputations with a fine-tooth comb. With privilege and monopoly a bit shaky at Washington, and a Congressional election approaching, the democrats in the Democratic Party have a real opportunity. But they must show the goods; not merely the tags.

IT is easy to revise the Constitution if you go about it gradually and in a quiet way. For instance, Article I, Sec-

tion 1, of the Constitution says that "all legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and a House of Representatives." Although the election of a Speaker is later provided for, nowhere in the Constitution do you gather the idea that he is to be anything more than a Speaker, or presiding officer. There is nothing in the Constitution which authorizes the Speaker and a handful of Representatives to usurp the legislative powers vested in the whole House, and to make, block, or break legislation at their pleasure in out-of-the-way places called committee-rooms. A Speaker, or presiding officer, is doubtless a Household necessity, and there is no dispensing with committeees in the handling of House business; but if somebody had suggested some years ago that Article I, Section 1, be amended to read: "All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and the Speaker of the House plus the Committee on Rules," we don't believe that many States in the Union would have ratified it. Yet business has been conducted in the House as though at least three-quarters of them had. It is only on amendments like the income-tax proposition that final application to the various States seems to have been necessary.



THE WARNING ARROW.

THESE BE dark days at Albany for vested interests; particularly that fancy-vested interest, Timothy L. Woodruff.



THE CHINESE PIGTAIL.

MOVING the pigtail of the Chinese from the path of progress is probably not so simple a matter as it appears to most of us here in America.

There is, no doubt, in China, a strong political party which comes up with a pigtail platform election after election, or would if they had elections.

There are priests undoubtedly who can show that the pigtail is part of the ineradicable doctrines of Confucius, and consequently a *sine qua non* to salvation.

There are lawyers who can show that the abolition of the pigtail is unconstitutional.

There are doctors who can show, *similia similibus curantur*, that the use of a pigtail is the only way to avoid a hare-lip.

There are editors who can show that, by doing away with the pigtail, the pristine character of the Chinese would be undermined and eventually ruined.

There are business men who can show it would seriously disturb business.

But, when all is said and done on the ethical side, there is good reason to suspect that a pigtail in the hand is worth two on the head, and that the real cause for removing the pigtail is the great demand in this country for rats.

So, once again, the ladies show themselves mighty in the onwardness of progress.

Ellis O. Jones.

SHOP TALK.

BARBER (*about to cut customer's hair*).—Do you want much off, sir?

MR. EINSTEIN (*absently*).—Vot discountd vill you make for cash?

A prophet is almost any extremely obstinate man who happens to be right.

ONE BETTER.

CLERK (*twenty per*).—Why, my boy, I give a whole week's wages for a suit of clothes.

OFFICE BOY (*three per*).—That's nothing; I give a whole week's wages fer a pair of shoes.



THE FAMILY FEATURES.

"So this is your little boy, Mr. Gasolene? Well, well, he certainly does favor you!"

PUCK

A BUSINESS MAN'S BUSY DAY.

SIX-THIRTY A.M.—Arose. Sun shining brightly. Saw a blade of green grass from the bathroom window.

7 A.M.—Wife reprimands me for whistling "Waltz Me Around Again Willie," at breakfast. Wife rebukes me again for reading paper and answering "Matty" when she asks who is staring now in "Love Watches." Forced to lecture Willie for playing ball when he has n't got his lessons.

8 A.M.—Arrive at office. Reprimand office-boy for loitering over sporting page of morning paper when he should be bringing the mail.

8:15 A.M.—Have to pause in midst of my correspondence to correct office assistant, who has informed stenographer Wagner is greatest living all-around ball-player. Any fool ought to know it is Keeler. Very annoying.

9:30 A.M.—Resume my correspondence.

10:15 A.M.—Office force seems to be away behind on usual routine. Have just finished correspondence.

Office assistant ventures prediction Cubs will win flag. His ignorance is astounding. Explain Giants can't lose, and show him why.

11:45 A.M.—Must attend to those coal contracts before lunch.

11:50 A.M.—Mr. Squeezem, of Squeezem & Getit of Philadelphia, drops in. He complains that our last shipment has been unnecessarily delayed. Look it up and find there was positively no excuse for it. Even the

Athens, Ga. Great shock. Beastly Sub-way service at fault.

Had to stand up all the way down this morning in the jam, and did not have chance to read my paper thoroughly. Company ought to put on more trains or something, so we busy business men would have seats and a chance to catch up on leading news of the world in our few leisure moments.

Doubt whether the Yankees will make good getaway without Lou to pull their young pitchers into shape.

2 P.M.—Called to 'phone to square kick from old fogey out in Lancaster, Pa. Shipments delayed again. All our working forces seem to be demoralized in spite of my putting all my time in at keeping them going. Very irritating to have to be polite to those bush-leaguers. Finally squared it.

3 P.M.—Gave the whole shipping department my opinion of them. Raked them all over the coals good and hard. Feel better. Foreman suggested it might be spring fever. Told him they had no right to have spring fever. I never had it. Seemed to be sort of laughing at me with his eyes, and had to speak pretty sharply to him.

3:30 P.M.—Have finished up my afternoon mail. Did it in a hurry. Takes me to make things fly. Just saw a robin in the tree across the street. Showed Mr. Redbreast to the office force. If I'm one thing more than another it's observant. Told them how I always used to see the first robins on the farm. Explained that the city-bred person never knew how to fully appreciate nature.

4:15 P.M.—Got the office force back at work. They show an incomprehensible disposition to dawdle. I'm never happy unless I'm working. Like to be up to my ears in it always.

4:30 P.M.—Evening papers say the Luxatawna Company is going to furnish the armor for the new battleships. Our bid should have gone in this morning. Those confounded directors are getting more inquisitive and exacting every day, too. Will surely have to shake up office force. By George, I see Chances says at West Baden that his pitching staff will sweep the other clubs off their feet. He must be crazy. Chance never saw the day Three-fingered Brown could beat Matty.

5 P.M.—Office force going home. By Hickory! I didn't know it was this late. And those coal contracts not out yet! Well, I'm too tired to tackle them tonight. I'll get up earlier to-morrow and go at them.

Roy R. Atkinson.

IN RURE.

TEACHER.—What can we do with our useless organs?

LITTLE EBEN.—Trade 'em for phonographs, of course.



A PICTURE PUZZLE.

We cannot, for the life of us,
Tell why this pretty miss
Will go out on the golf links
To be photographed like —

office force is getting slow. Am compelled to use harsh language.

12:01 P.M.—Go to lunch with Mr. Squeezem. Nice chap is Squeezem, but he has a lot of fool ideas. Thinks the Phillies are sure to win, with the Giants in the second division. I explained that the

Phillies did not have a chance and nearly lost a good customer. Got him in good humor again by admitting Magee was a fine outfielder.

1:30 P.M.—Back on the job. Work does pile up frightfully. No matter how hard I go it seems to accumulate faster than it can be handled. Think I will have to shake up office force.

1:36 P.M.—Fred Melrose 'phoned me about those coal contracts. Confound the office force. Promised to get them right out. Fred asked me what I thought about Lou Criger not being on the job at



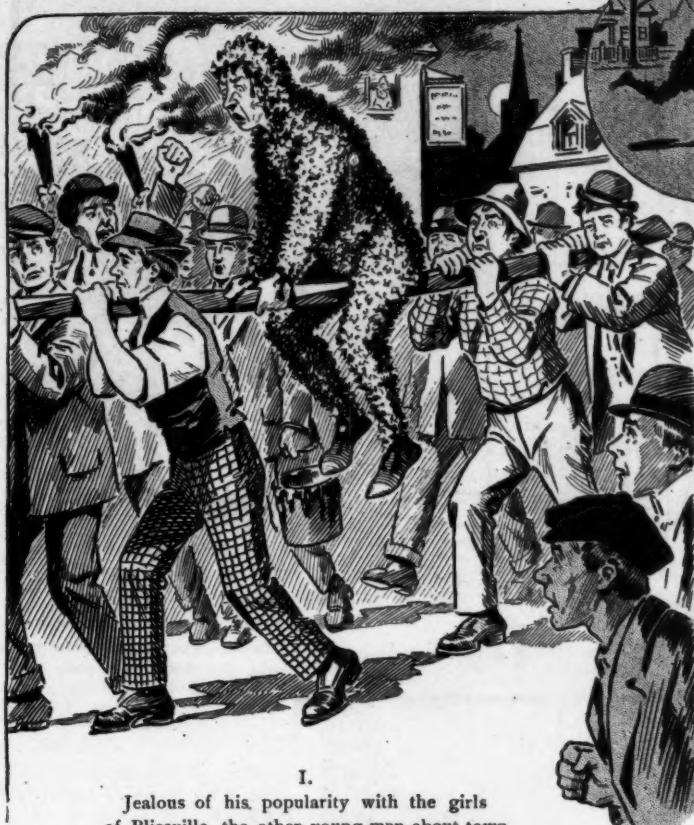
OLD HOME WEAK.



THIS!



HOW HORACE TURNED THE TRICK:



I.
Jealous of his popularity with the girls of Blissville, the other young-men-about-town humorously tar-and-feather Mr. Horace Honeyton. But Horace has a brilliant inspiration, breaks away, and —

A PHASE OF THE CHANTECLER FAD.



THE GIRLS.—Oh, Mr. Honeyton, what a surprise! How awfully clever of you! How did you come to think of it? Just when Chantecler costumes are all the rage, too!

THE FAMBLY POTES.



HEY lie in chaste repose
Deep in the parlor's hush;
Dust of some long-pressed rose
Scenting their fearful plush;
Stiff leaves, with edges gold,
Illumined in red oats;—
Beware whiles you behold
The Fambly Potes!

The bookmarks, silken-fringed,
Preserve no cherished page;
No reader has impinged
Here in a raccoon's age.
Dear Grandma keeps them safe
Alike from boys and moths.
Approach not, grimy waif,
The Fambly Potes!

What matters it if we,
The modern bards, are fools?
Watched o'er eternally,
The Soul of old song rules!
What was it Grandma said
That got her children's goats?
They should be seen, not read—
The Fambly Potes!

What troubles 't would have saved
Had Mother thought that way!
No muse in me had raved,
I now might dine each day!
My epitaph be: "Stung!"—
Still, there are antidotes—
I am not yet among
The Fambly Potes!

Chester Firkins.

UNPREPARED.

"If the world were to come to an end to-day, would it find you prepared?" demanded the evangelist.

The editor blanched. "After we've used the biggest type in the office to put headlines over a South American war? Good Lord, no!" he cried.

His dismay was pitiful, yet not more pitiful than genuine.

A VITAL POINT.

THE Bad Corporations regarded with interest the energetic and incorruptible Public Servant who had been appointed to bring them to book.

"Pray let us understand each other!" quoth they.
"By all means!" rejoined the Public Servant.
"You, sir, are on the make? Is our presumption correct?"
"Certainly."
But the Bad Corporations had learned something by sad experience, and they were far from resting content.

"Er—history or money?" they asked, uneasily.



PIPING HOT.

BILLY BUGG.—Hi, fellers! Git next to the open fireplace!

It makes a man sore all over to be hit with a gold brick.

PUCK

AFTER MANY YEARS.



ELLO, Ned, old man, is this really you?"
 "That's who it is, old boy!"
 "Why, I have n't seen you for five years.
 Where you been keeping yourself?"
 "Oh, I been in a good many places.
 How's everything?"
 "Oh, about the same. Awful glad to see
 you. Married?"
 "Yep. Are you?"
 "Yep—got two children."
 "That so? I got one, but he's a whole
 team. How's all the boys?"
 "Oh, so-so. Glad to see you, Ned. You
 must come around to the house soon."
 "Yes, I will."
 "Got your wife and kid here with you?"
 "No; left them in Chicago."
 "I'd like to see them. Things going all
 right with you?"
 "I can't complain."
 "Kind o' strange to think that it is five
 or six years since we saw each other. You
 going? Drop in again. Glad to see you."
 "Same to you. Good-by."
 "Good-by, old chap."
 "Good-by. I don't see as you have changed much."
 "You look about the same. Got a gray hair or two."
 "Yep; all got to come to that. Good-by."
 "Good-by."

M. M.

THE RED TERROR.

SNIFF.—The barbarism of it makes my blood boil! Just look at this picture of a strike riot!

SHANK.—Ha! ha! That's the comic supplement you're looking at. Those boys are simply putting their grandmother in the cistern.



THE SCANDAL-MONGERS.

THE OLD BOY (*gleefully*).— You'd think they'd wait till they got outside the—Hee, Hee, Hee!—church, would n't you?



REVISED TO DATE.

*Said the dog : "When that trip to the cupboard
 Was taken by Old Mother Hupboard,
 Her search was a stall—
 She had eaten it all
 Herself ;—and I know, for I
 rupboard !"*

BUSINESS AND CHARITY.

THESE two should always be kept distinctly separate in one's mind and actions. Charity will allow a man to donate a large sum of money for the relief of the poor, but business will not allow the same man to pay his employees a penny more on the hour if he can possibly avoid it.

It is true that some people make a business of charity. This they do for the benefit of their souls.

Anything we do for the benefit of our souls tends to give us standing in the community. Some few people, indeed, have undertaken to make a charity out of business, but invariably these have failed, proving again the oft-repeated assertion that "business is business." We do not run business for the benefit of our souls.

Business is that division of ethics which requires you to take all you can get from anyone with whom you come in contact, be he capitalist or laborer. Charity is that division of ethics which requires you to give back to those beneath you part of what you do not need. Neither one is connected with the parable of the widow's mite, which was based purely on love and had nothing whatever to do with ethics.

Ellis O. Jones.



EXPLAINED.

"I HAD a quarrel with Binton yesterday," says the man with the undetermined whiskers, "and he told me I was an automobile license tag. Sounded silly to me. That's no kind of a name to call a man."

"Did n't you understand what he meant?" asks the man with the extra chin.

"It did n't mean anything."

"Sure it did. He meant you were a back number!"

ONE OF THE
 FIRM.

When Fortune sour, that is the acid test which few of us can stand.

PUCK



ANOTHER HOCKING SCANDAL.

yo-call'm Roozyvelt—som'ers or nudder I dess kain't never rickylect dat boy's name!

"Lawd-uh, our hope am in dat fine young man! We heahs tell dat he done shot a Bongo! We dunnuh who dis yuh Bongo was nor what de scoun'rel had been uh-doin' dat he was shot for; but we has a firm faith dat he got what was comin' to him. We sees de white men chucklin' fum time to time dat de young man shot a dik-dik, or a doofod, or shirk, or suppin'—dunnuh what deh is, an' don't keer!—an' den he popped the Bongo over, which, 'cawdin' to all de fuss an' hooraw 'bout it, was a heap-sight wuss dan de rest. And 't would n't s'prised us none if he'd shot dat 'ar old Menelik.

"Ah-ha!" says we, "de Ol' Man 's uh-raisin' up dat boy in de way he should go! He's teachin' de young idee how to shoot; puhearin' him for de streenyus time to come!"

"If anything happened to de Ol' Man, after dey gits home—an' goodness knows what dese yuh Bongoes, an' Octopusses, an' Reactions an' de like, dat's uh-gougin' an' uh-grindin' de life out'n us, gwine to try to do to him!—dar's dat boy, dat's been practisin' up over dar in Af'ica, all ready an' keen t' cut loose an' give de Bongoes in dis country bofe bar'l's!

"Watch over dem two Roozyvelts, Lawd, uh-kaze we needs 'em bofe, an' we needs 'em bad! A-a-a-a-men."

Tom P. Morgan.

DEFINITION.

LOVE.—An Institution for the Blind!

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

THE Prodigal Son returned.

"No veal," cried his father. "We are on the vegetable wagon."

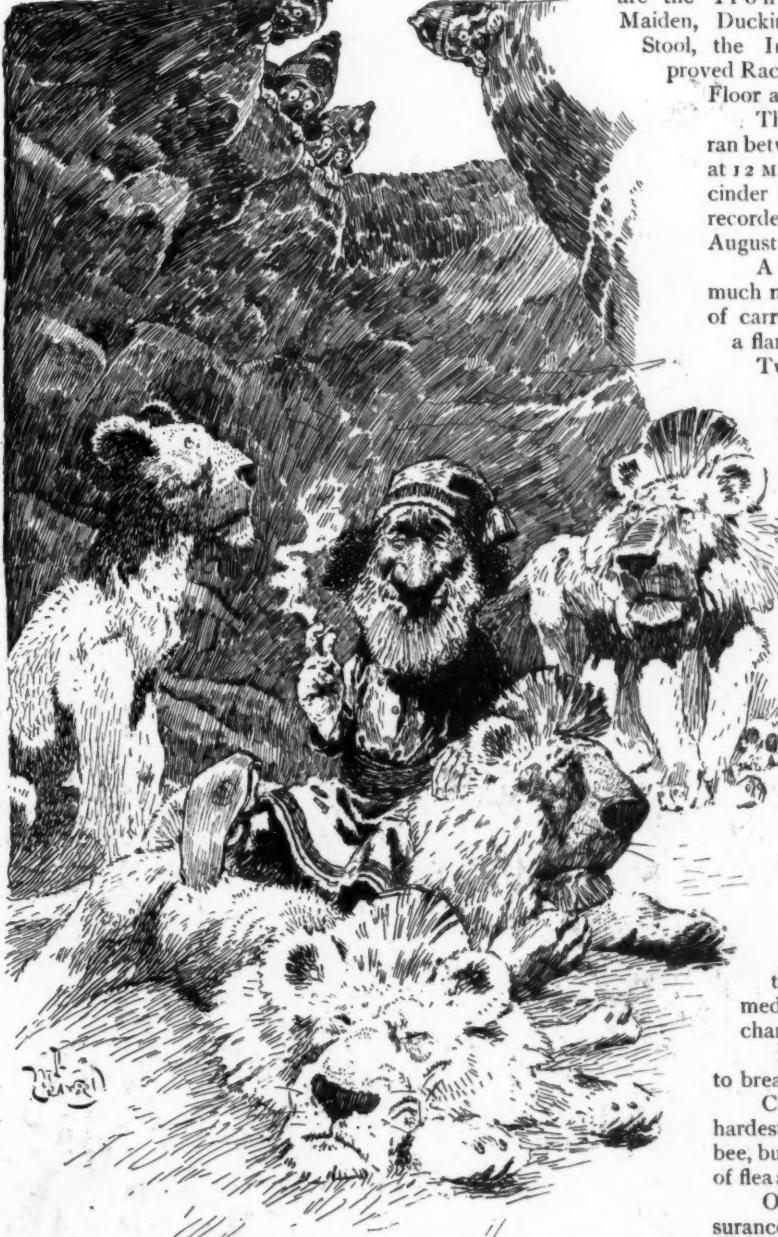
Herewith his husk diet stood him in good stead.

HUSH!

TICKETY, tickety, tock,
A genuine Mayflower clock!
There's a scratch on the glass:
"Made in Haverhill, Mass."
But—
Tickety, tickety, tock!

A TIMELY PETITION.

An', now, Lawd-uh," sonorously supplicated good old Parson Bagster, in the midst of a recent Sabbath morning's service in Ebenezer Chapel, "we beseech thee to watch over an' most abundantly bless Mistah The'do' Roozyvelt, what's uh-comin' triumphant back fum Af'ica bout de fust of June, wid his son, young Mistah—er—ah!—what-



NOT IN THE AGREEMENT.

Daniel had been cast into the lions' den.

"My main objection," he said, as he playfully tweaked a lion's mane, "is that I get no moving-picture royalties."

SCIENCE BRIEFS.

An acre of average land will raise a small mortgage if diligently worked.

The most valuable fur-bearing animal is the silver-gray fox. Nearly all of these valuable fox skins are caught in the back room of a fur store by an old lady putting white hairs in a dyed red-fox skin.

The most deadly enemy of the rat is the common brown ferret. One of these ferrets was recently let loose in a drygoods store and two hundred pounds of false hair disappeared that same night.

The man who wrote "Good-Night, Ladies," is dead. He only heard his song sung once by a moonlight sleighing party.

The straw-ride was invented in 1535 by a member of the Spanish Inquisition. Other inventions to his credit are the Iron Maiden, Ducking Stool, the Improved Rack and Wheel, and the Waxed Floor and Cotton Rug.

The first railroad in this country ran between Schenectady and Albany at 12 M., August 27, 1835. The first cinder in the eye of a passenger is recorded at precisely 12:01 P.M., August 27, 1835.

A ton of red beets contains as much nourishment as twelve bushels of carrots or turnips or the equal of a flank-steak.

Twelve million Turkish cigarettes are exported every year.

Turkey raises one hundred and six pounds of tobacco yearly.

Concessions by the Czar threaten to end socialism and anarchy in Russia, thus spoiling that popular sport known as hurling the sixteen-pound bomb.

The largest Dreadnought battleship is being built in the minds of the British Parliament.

Light, heat, and power are transmitted through the ether. Gold is also transmitted through ether from a patient's pocket to that of a surgeon.

It is a significant fact that all who desire to communicate with the inhabitants of the spirit world through the medium of mediums must pay the charges at this end of the line.

The easiest thing in the world to break is the dollar bill.

Contrary to most beliefs, the hardest-working insects are not the bee, but the common garden variety of flea and the Adirondack mosquito.

Our present methods of life insurance were born in 1642, when the Duke of Lloyd bet Sir Walter Raleigh a thousand pounds against ten that Walt would not be killed on his first American excursion.

Don. Cameron Shafer.



FEMININE ANGUISH.

MISS HOURGLASS.—Oh, will waisas ever come-in style again, I wonder?



THE PUCK PRESS

THE CHARGE OF THE B
WOODRUFF'S ALBANY DRAGOONS HAVE A HUNCH THAT



OF THE BLACK BRIGADE.

HAVE A HUNCH THAT "SOME ONE HAS BLUNDERED."

PUCK



POOR BUT HONEST.

MOTORIST.—Say, Partner, would you mind giving me a taste of that grub? The second payment on my car is almost due, and I have to be very economical just now.

IN SLEEPYLAND.

EVERY NIGHT a small explorer
For the mystic land sets forth
To the point without direction,
East or west, or south or north.

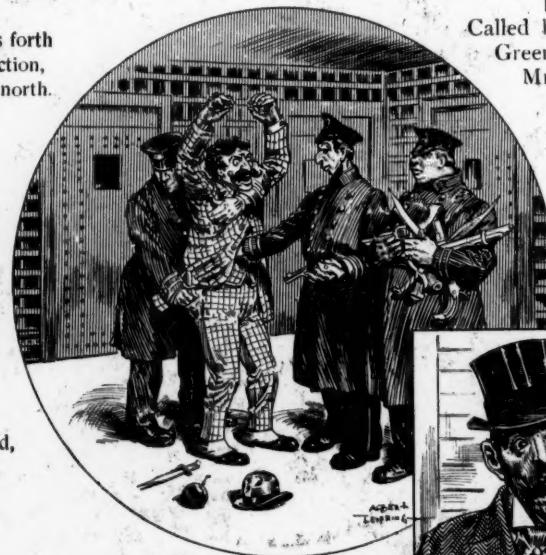
I fit out the expedition,
Putting up my hard-
earned cash,
Proper sleeping-bags I
furnish
And provisions for the dash

Music, too, I give to cheer him
Through the silence and the
dark,
Nothing do I leave omitted
That he may attain the mark.

Times a thousand has he journeyed,
Yet he still has naught to show,
For he brings me back no data
Nor a single curio.

Capes he surely must discover,
Bays and mountains he must see,
Unmapped lands, but most ungrateful,
He has christened none for me!

McLandburgh Wilson.



WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

PITY THE POOR man
WHOM THE POLICE
CATCH WITH CONCEALED
WEAPONS.



BUT WITH women EVEN THE PRECAUTION OF CONCEALMENT
IS UNNECESSARY.

M ECHANICAL processes have now become so incredibly minute as actually to offer women a shoe between the size which pinches them to death and the size which is a mile too big.

Don't kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, but that does n't apply to overworked employees.

FAME: A STUDY IN DISTANCES.

THE REAL TRUTH.

JIMMIE GREEN, office-boy to the secretary of the seventh vice-president of the Consolidated Steel Company, leaves for two weeks' vacation in his home town at Tinyville, Ohio, stopping off to visit one or two relatives on the way.

[From the *Smalltown, N. Y., Gazette*.]

James Green, who holds a good clerical position with the Consolidated Steel Company of New York, is paying a brief visit to his cousin, Silas Hard, manager of the Hard Dry-Goods Emporium.

[From the *Smalltown Gazette*, two days later.]

Mr. James Green, a young business man of New York, who has been visiting his cousin, Silas Hard, left to-day for the West. Mr. Green is employed in a responsible capacity by the Consolidated Steel Company of New York.

[From the *Oriole, N. Y., Bugle*.]

James Green, Esq., of New York City, left to-day for his home in Tinyville, Ohio, to pay a visit to his parental roof. Mr. Green was the guest of William Ward, our wealthy banker, while here. He has made a great success in New York as private secretary to one of the big men in the Consolidated Steel Company.

[From the *Singberg, N. Y., Bee*.]

James Ronald Green, a confidential agent of the Consolidated Steel Company of New York, stopped off here for a short visit with his uncle, Rev. Hiram Short, of the Presbyterian church. Mr. Green is a young man who has forged rapidly to the front in the metropolis, and his success has proven again that there is plenty of room at the top.



[From the *Tinyville, Ohio, Tribune*.]

For the first time in three years Mr. James Ronald Green, formerly of this city, has returned to his native heath for a flying visit. He will remain here a week, when he will return to New York to resume his responsibilities as an assistant manager of the Consolidated Steel Company.

[From the *Tinyville, Ohio, Tribune*, one week later.]

Called back by the pressure of business, Mr. James Ronald Green, formerly of this place, left this morning for New York. Mr. Green has reached remarkable heights in the metropolis. He returns to his responsible position as a manager for the Consolidated Steel Company.

BACK TO THE TRUTH.

From the lips of Jerry Hopkins, office-boy in the Consolidated Steel Building: "Hello, Chimmie. Back to woik? Here, get hold of that duster an' help a guy clean dese desks, will yer?"

Berton Braley.

"What
With
"I beat
Thou



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

WHAT STELLA'S MA SAW IN THE PARLOR NEXT MORNING.



EXPLAINED.

BEAT my wife!" the stranger said,
With boastful mien and proud,
But he was hit upon the head
And trampled by the crowd.

"I beat my wife!" again he cried;
They seized him by the neck,
And to the city court they hied,—
Such wickedness to check.

"What's this, what's this?" His Honor scowled,
With visage harsh and grim;
"I beat my wife!" the stranger growled,
Though hundreds glared at him.

"I beat my wife!" he said once more.
"What, boasting of your crime?"
The Court retorted with a roar,
"Ten years will be your time!"

"I beat my wife!" the stranger hissed;
The warden heard him well;
He put four handcuffs on each wrist
And chained him in the cell.

"I beat my wife! Let me explain,"
The stranger said at last
When he was free from jail again,
His ten-year sentence passed.

"I beat my wife, I will confess,—
Why should I lie to you?—
I beat my wife at playing chess,
And beat her badly, too!"

Berton Braley.



ILLUSTRATED LITERALLY.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to introduce our patent Coffee-pot. It sells itself. Address Anyold Novelty Co., N. Y.

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CURES
HEADACHES
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by accepting just any kind of a fire insurance policy. The best costs no more.

Ask for the Hartford

Any agent or broker can get you a Hartford Fire Insurance Co. policy.

SUBSCRIBE FOR PUCK



IF you are tired of slapstick humor; if you are weary of the dull, pointless opposite, commonly known as the "He and She" sort; if you look for something more than horseplay in humor, and like occasionally a grain of truth with your fun, we say again to you:

"Subscribe for PUCK!"

PUCK was first in the field 34 years ago, and it stays first to-day. It is not a weekly revival of worn-out jokes, spineless cartoons, and commonplace pictures. PUCK is different.

PUCK IS OUT OF THE RUT

PUCK does n't revive old jokes, because it draws most of its fun from timely things. It does n't print spineless cartoons, because it does n't have to, being independent of political rings and "immune lists." It does n't use pictures that are commonplace, because every picture, even the smallest, in PUCK must help to express a definite idea and one worth expressing.

AS A HOME PAPER

PUCK is sure to please. ¶ It is funny, but neither vulgar nor suggestive. ¶ It is attractive pictorially, because its artists are among the best. ¶ It is of serious interest, because its cartoons form a political history of the times. ¶ It is not a juvenile publication, but it is better for children than the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers. ¶ And its annual Christmas number, sent without extra charge to subscribers, is as fine a publication as skill, careful preparation, and a high standard can make it.

PUCK is not local; it is National. It caters to no clique or class, political or social. PUCK meets the American demand for a Wideawake Humorous Weekly.

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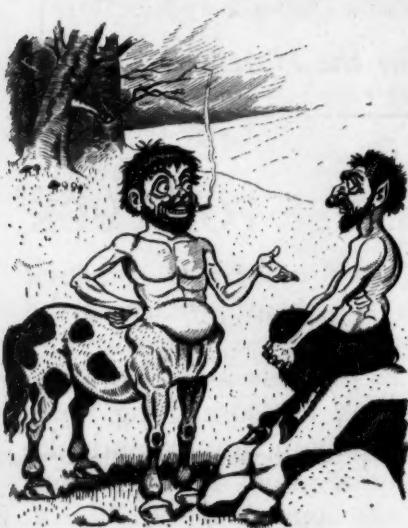
Nectar of the Gods

The Climax of Epicurean Enjoyment

Liqueur Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés,
Büttner & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.



ONCE UPON A TIME,

There was a man named Æsop who wrote fables. One of the fables he wrote was called "The Shepherd Boy and the Wolf." Here it is:

A shepherd boy, who watched a flock of sheep near a village, brought out the villagers three or four times by crying, "Wolf! Wolf!" and when the neighbors came to help him, laughed at them for their pains. The wolf, however, did truly come at last. Then the shepherd boy, now really alarmed, shouted in terror: "Pray do come and help me; the wolf is killing the sheep!" But no one paid any heed to his cries nor rendered any assistance.

Papers which announce "Special number! Special number!" with nearly every edition that leaves the press might have a fable written about them, too. It might resemble very closely, in narrative and moral, the fable of the boy who cried "Wolf!" People, hearing the cry, came to fight the wolf that wasn't there. People, reading the announcement, come to buy the special number which has nothing special in it. The people of fable after a while got tired of being fooled, and when the wolf *did* come, declined to help. The people of fact get similarly weary of being fooled, and when a really deserving special number of the "shepherd-like" sheet comes out decline to be interested.

PUCK calls no number a special number unless there is something inside to justify the claim. Its regular numbers, week by week, maintain as high, if not a higher, standard of humor and novelty as the papers which "specialize" every issue. A cover does not

make a good special number any more than a theatre curtain makes a good play.

PUCK'S special specialty in special numbers is Christmas PUCK. Although it will not appear until next December, PUCK artists have been at work on some of its color features for over a month past. That will show you what the word "special number" means in this shop.

OUR LETTER FILE.

FROM A U. S. ARMY CHAPLAIN:

"Some time since I had your nearest rival and imitator replaced by PUCK in the post reading-room here, as I consider that there is no comparison between the two papers. Your paper is certainly superb, and the thing in humor and politics."

FROM A PENNSYLVANIA READER:

"Yours is the best funny paper in the world. The brains in its management have always been evident."

FROM A SUBSCRIBER IN LOUISIANA:

"I have the pleasure of enclosing a cheque covering subscription to PUCK for another year. I desire to express my appreciation of your splendid efforts to get up a first-class weekly humorist. I certainly enjoy the paper."

FROM AN OLD-TIMER:

"I observe that, like all mankind, PUCK is not averse to a compliment. I have been a reader of PUCK since its first issue in 1877, every number almost without exception, and I can say that I have derived as much good sense out of its nonsense and humor as out of any of the world's publications, and I have read many of them."

If your newsdealer does n't handle PUCK ask him to order it for you.



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pays losses promptly and equitably. Next time you insure against fire, ask any agent or broker to get you a policy in the HARTFORD.

SUCH PROFANITY.

"The engineers find Gatun Dam safe," read Mr. Jones from his newspaper headlines to grandma, knitting at the other side of the table.

"Well," she said, looking up over her glasses in pained surprise, "I don't know anything about the safety of Gatun, but I think a family newspaper ought n't to use such language in print." — *Emporia Gazette*.

WORST EVER.

"Is our new Congressman homely? Well, I should say! Did you ever see a photograph of him?"

"Why no, but I've seen caricatures of him."

"Oh, they flatter him; you should see one of his photographs." — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

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ANTI-GASOLENE.

MOTORIST.—Ah, that coffee has a delightful aroma!

INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.—Well, we must return good for evil.—*Lustige Welt*.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

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Gover

"So
"Ye
"Yo
mothe



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Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that
Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your
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TIME, THREE A.M.—ASLEEP AT LAST.

By Angus MacDonall.

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Photogravure in Sepia, 11 x 8 in.

If the Sugar Trust had known that \$1,000,000 is the possible reward for ferreting out customs frauds for the Government, it might have told upon itself.—*N. Y. Post*.

"So you want to marry my daughter, eh?"

"Yes, sir. We are sure we can get along together."

"Yes; but are you sure you can get along with her mother?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

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NOT ENTERPRISING.

MABEL.—John is awfully slow.

ALICE.—Is he?

MABEL.—Yes; he folded a slumber
robe with me in the parlor last night,
and nothing happened.—*Somerville
Journal*.

"SMITH 's ill in bed I hear."

"Yes. Smoked a cigar from the
wrong pocket."—*London Opinion*.



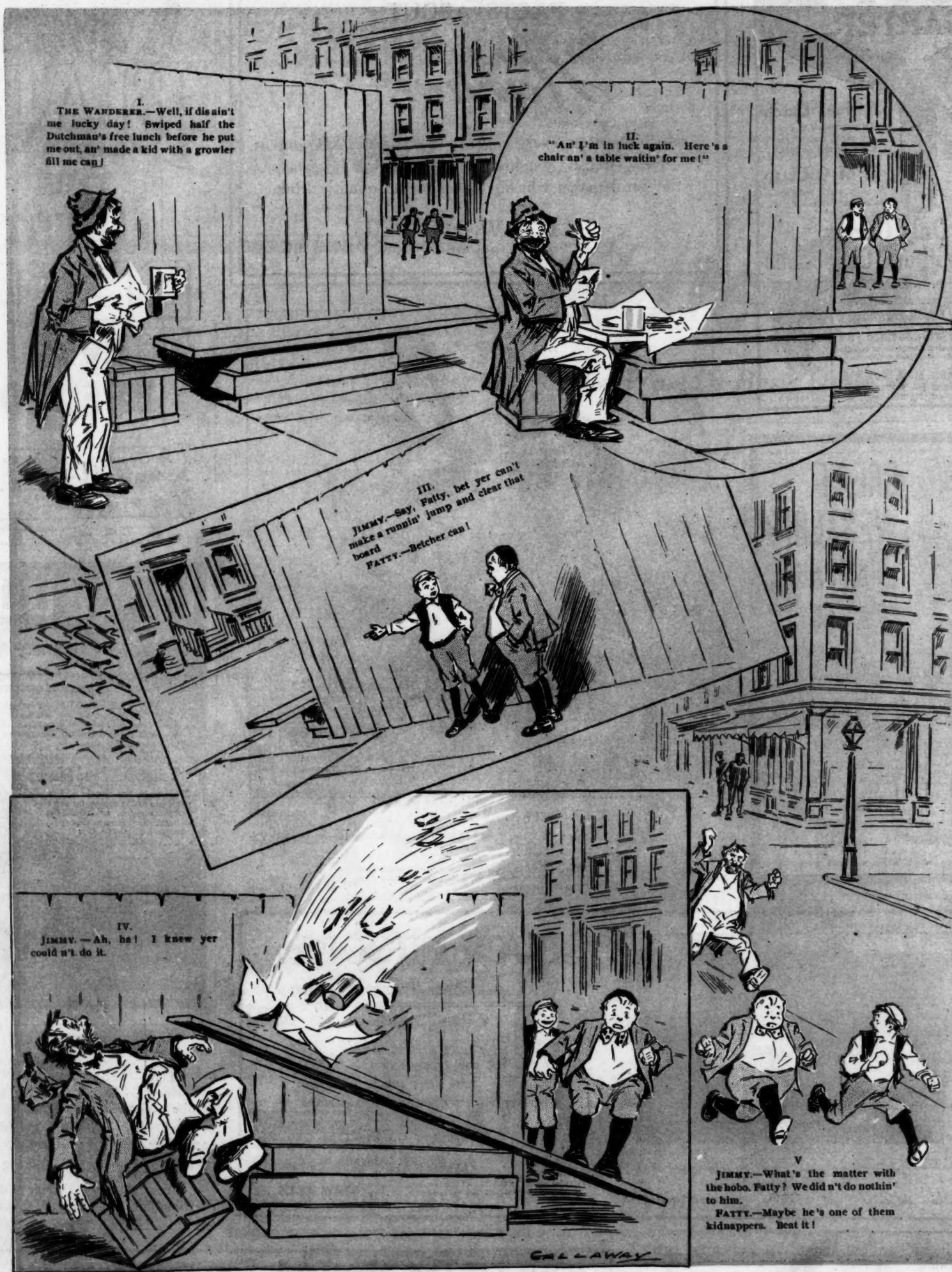
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AND THE STOUT BOY WHO LANDED TOO SOON.



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Their delicate aroma
is familiar from
the "Avenue" to
the Boulevards
Cork Tips or Plain



AS A REMINDER.

Oh, do not laugh at the poor giraffe,
He's one of the sensitive sort;
Kind Nature gave him a longish neck
Because his memory's short.

—*Lustige Welt.*

OUT OF YOUR NEXT PAY

Begin to accumulate dividend-paying securities, or add to those already in the strong box, on our Non-Forfeiture Monthly Payment Plan, which enables you to buy *outright*, to pay in convenient monthly installments, and protects you against market fluctuations. This plan was originated and copyrighted by us in 1907, and has since been in successful operation.

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RICH AUNT (as her nephew, who has come to meet her, kisses her profusely). —Leave off, Karl. I have n't that much with me.—*Fliegende Blätter.*



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Loads Off the Mind.

AS TO SECOND COUSINS AND KISSES.

To the Editor of PUCK:

Since this discussion first began, I've thought of half-a-dozen good cogent reasons why a man should kiss his second cousin:

First: If she likes it.

Second: If she's likeable and pretty.

Third: If it does n't cause a tiff.

Fourth: If she's sweet and witty.

Fifth: As a courtesy that's paid.

Sixth: As a simple duty.

Seventh: If it's given by the maid.

Eighth: If it's stolen booty.

And there are other reasons, too, which I can cite in plenty—(My second cousin's eyes are blue, and she is sweet-and-twenty.) Butte, Mont.

A. D. F.

NOT FOR HIM.

To the Editor of PUCK:

Dere Sur: I have a sekond cozin with a face like a stump struck by litening. Maybe sum of yure other correpondence would kiss hur, but I won't. Yours,

Ogden, Utah.

E. R.

A PREDICAMENT.

To the Editor of PUCK:

One of my second cousins is young and unmarried, the other is married. Doesn't that complicate matters? H. H. C.

New Orleans.

P. S.—The married one is married to me.

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"A ninety-mile gain will just fetch her."
With a pull at his bottle
He opened the throttle—
* * * * *

And the pieces came home on a stretcher.
Lawpoon.



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